truth I'm obsessed with the desire that you should paint me: not a thing I often feel —— but what a revelation it would be; painful no doubt but like seeing the true soul, picked out from its defacing shell, its compressing(?) and twisting convolutions by the silver sharp pen, or sword, of Ethel's genius . . .

Forgive this scrawl, now taken out and finished at this absurd hotel near the detestable town of Falmouth. No need to expatiate on my sympathy about Pan ——

V.

52 T. S.

Wednesday 27 May 1936

Your letter just come. Yes of course
I'd like to meet Madame du P. Quietly
(Quiet selfishly, not on hers behalf — indeed
I don't much believe in the efficacy
of that) but I don't see how to
suggest anything definite — like yr to
M. H — for Whitsun, shall they a
week? I think. Perhaps Luzern.)
saw the Dr. yesterday who
wants me to spend the whole summer
in the country, orders me not to
work more than ¾ hour daily
So God knows how I'm ever to do my
proofs. I'm all right so long as I
do nothing. And shall probably come up, down
Vita to lunch today. very solid,
physically, mentally. I don't find
any corruption or change: but then my
relations have never altered: always affectionate
Yours ever
V.

the Dr. said I must expect ups & downs for at least
2 months more. This is a down; but an up with
come. Forgive
June 4. 36 Monks House, me for being so
Thursday Egotistic. How are
you.

I'm awfully sorry not to have written,
but I've been rather bad again — the worst bits!
I suppose (there 4 days in London. It
keep this time — seems to have gone: — I
can you know this leaves me very
melancholy & restless by day. Seeing
take Chloral: but I now refuse to
touch it. The detail I give you to show
I can't ment resist talk: so must
not try to see you a m- de P.
We can lie out all day & drowse
then the night are better. I'm
not very happy — partly because I worry
L. — so won't write. But of you
Even would write. so much the better

Of course don't tell her — no of course
you wouldn't.

Saturday. St-H. June 8
136

Ye. dr send us the dog story. Ber probably sows on Wednesday, to send here, to reach on Tuesday. Ber will give an honest unprejudged verdict.

I'm afraid I wrote a wail to ye. Sd — I'm not feeling "at an end" at all. Rather the other way. Here my brain teeming with books I want to write — Roger. Letter. Room given over as a — I can only just manage one watched ¾ hour proof correcting. Thanks my plaint. If only I could be free from this recurring insana! But so much better. Never trust a little gnome not to gasperate that swollen ophn a night lying awake looking at Bother a Choral & saying no. no. no, ye shall not take it. It void why sleepless nes. Even ye

modified kind has this power to frighten me. It enriched I think with those awful other times when I couldn't control myself. But most as Lady P (was it?) would say. I'm ever so much better today, making up unwritten books at a great rate. My jolly was I would do all the fly papers in between times up till Easter: made 3 short volumes & Extracts: which take thought.

I rather think I shall try a few days in London. I'm longing to see you to talk, to dine out. to go to operas, ballets, lectures, to walk in Bond Street — but no.

NYPL You understand that not I don't ask you to come this muggy year I dare not get another bout & see my poor L. look as if we were both standing on the gallows. He has been perfectly angelic — but sad as Lady P said. Say

Let me hear about the flappy. V.

Rota 2. V. 63

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

11th June/36

Mainly on business:

① Dog Story

But why not send us the story and publish same - G.H.? What seems possible (on the Rev, there is no drawback in the previous publication (by 'possible' I dont mean anything defamatory) — provided that G.H. buys about this summer, & we keep it till Christmas. And yr. idea of a cheap proj: we cd. print the Ms. of you in the Coachman hat. To send it yr thumb good. to

② Rh - a Reynard Mortimer this time — as you mean.

Yes. There we fixed a standard in Paris.
Why can't I rebel Dr. Beecham? Why don't
my Flesh! I now lost my public into
1. Riposte Oton: Flesh! 2 Comm raden:.
2. The words. writes has any validity after
– Eye & Jod – as Lead pencil, I mean. And Jod doesn't read.
I see Dr. universally praised. Lieutenant just
in. I'm glad poem in a 2nd edition.
Wasn't I Scandalous to Longman has it!
It's a point of honour not to beg Golden Fleece.
Bach Melody. Keeping my print. Refund all
invitation. Just Swarming – Set within
like legato Cantus. (This is my new
telepathic style to tax mental strain)
And, how are you? Ready Joan in a
found by me? Dover. why 20 words where 2 are enough?
Dover.
Bette: did ¾ h proof body: then lay down.
Duck for dinner. Wish you'd write another book instantly

18 June 1936

Thursday

52 Tavistock Sq^r

Well, my dear, — thanks a new form of address. I love it, sweet thought it sounds. Here we are, & I have been exercising a control which I can assure you is heroic — like the iron clasp on a statue on a horse rein — by which means I have worked every day for one hour without a headache — But it's a dismal, ~~the~~ unfurnished contorted life, & only my own profound self esteem. The delight of correcting (only) 2 pages daily (contrary bird) keeps me to it.

And what about your sister? The puppy? The boy? Mrs Jamieson Perks? One of these days I'm going to catch you & come & see me between 5.30 & 7.